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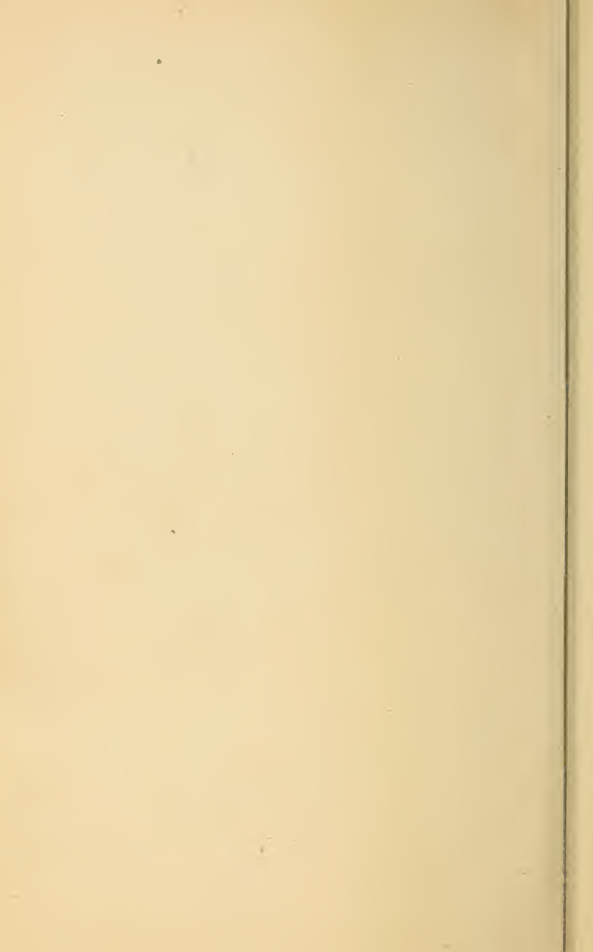


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## Prologue.

OH for freedom, for freedom in worshipping  
God,

For the mountain-top feeling of generous souls,  
For the health, for the air, of the hearts deep  
and broad,

Where grace not in rills but in cataracts rolls !

Most good is the brisk wholesome service of  
fear,

And the calm wise obedience of conscience is  
sweet ;

And good are all worships, all loyalties dear,  
All promptitudes fitting, all services meet.

But none honours God like the thirst of  
desire,

Nor possesses the heart so completely with  
Him ;

For it burns the world out with the swiftness  
of fire,

And fills life with good works till it runs o'er  
the brim.

For the heart only dwells, truly dwells with  
its treasure,

And the languor of love captive hearts cannot  
unfetter ;

And they who love God cannot love Him by  
measure,

For their love is but hunger to love Him still  
better.



Is it hard to serve God, timid soul? Hast  
thou found

Gloomy forests, dark glens, mountain-tops on  
thy way?

All the hard would be easy, all the tangles  
unwound,

Wouldst thou only desire, as well as obey.

For the lack of desire is the ill of all ills;

Many thousands through it the dark pathway  
have trod;

The balsam, the wine of predestinate wills

Is a jubilant pining and longing for God.

'Tis a fire that will burn what thou canst not  
pass over;

'Tis a lightning that breaks away all bars to  
love;

'Tis a sunbeam the secrets of God to discover ;  
'Tis the wing David prayed for, the wing of  
the dove.

'Tis a great gift of God to live after our Lord ;  
Yet the old Hebrew times they were ages of  
fire,

When fainting souls fed on each dim figured  
word.

And God called men He loved most—the Men  
of Desire.

Oh then wish more for God, burn more with  
desire,

Covet more the dear sight of His marvellous  
face ;

Pray louder, pray longer, for the sweet gift  
of fire

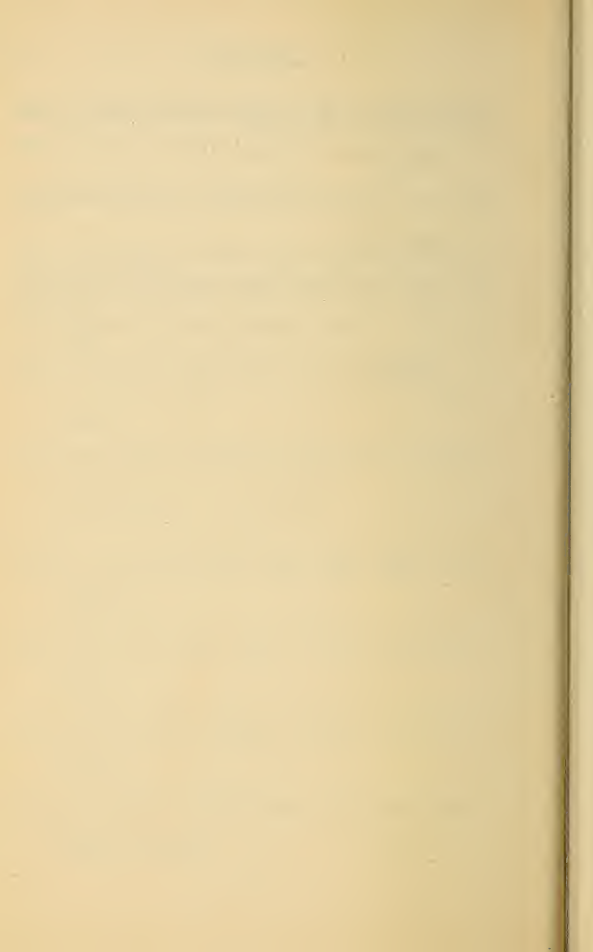
To come down on thy heart with its whirl-  
winds of grace.

God loves to be longed for, He longs to be  
sought,

For He sought us Himself with such longing  
and love :

He died for desire of us, marvellous thought !

And He yearns for us now to be with Him  
above.



Part X.

THE FATHER, THE SON, AND THE SPIRIT.



## OUR HEAVENLY FATHER.

MY God ! how wonderful Thou art,  
Thy Majesty how bright,  
How beautiful Thy Mercy-Seat  
In depths of burning light !

How dread are Thine eternal years,  
O everlasting Lord !  
By prostrate spirits day and night  
Incessantly adored !

How beautiful, how beautiful  
The sight of Thee must be,  
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,  
And awful purity !

Oh how I fear Thee, living God !

With deepest, tenderest fears,  
And worship Thee with trembling hope,  
And penitential tears.

Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord !

Almighty as Thou art,  
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me  
The love of my poor heart.

Oh then this worse than worthless heart

In pity deign to take,  
And make it love Thee, for Thyself  
And for Thy glory's sake.

No earthly father loves like Thee,

No mother half so mild  
Bears and forbears, as Thou hast done,  
With me Thy sinful child.



Only to sit and think of God,

Oh what a joy it is !

To think the thought, to breathe the Name,

Earth has no higher bliss !

## MY FATHER.

O GOD ! Thy power is wonderful,  
Thy glory passing bright ;  
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep  
A rapture to the sight.

Thy justice is the gladdest thing  
Creation can behold ;  
Thy tenderness so meek, it wins  
The guilty to be bold.

Yet more than all, and ever more,  
Should we Thy creatures bless,  
Most worshipful of attributes,  
Thine awful holiness.

There's not a craving in the mind  
Thou dost not meet and still ;  
There's not a wish the heart can have  
Which Thou dost not fulfil.

I see Thee in the eternal years  
In glory all alone,  
Ere round Thine uncreated fires  
Created light had shone.

I see Thee walk in Eden's shade,  
I see Thee all through time ;  
Thy patience and compassion seem  
New attributes sublime.

I see Thee when the doom is o'er,  
And outworn time is done,  
Still, still incomprehensible,  
O God ! yet not alone.

Angelic spirits, countless souls.

Of Thee have drunk their fill ;  
And to eternity will drink  
Thy joy and glory still.

All things that have been, all that are  
All things that can be dreamed,  
All possible creations, made,  
Kept faithful, or redeemed,—

All these may draw upon Thy power,  
Thy mercy may command ;  
And still outflows Thy silent sea,  
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine ! shall pain  
Or sorrow make thee moan,  
When all this God is all for Thee,  
A Father all thine own ?

## THE GOD OF MY CHILDHOOD.

O GOD ! who wert my childhood's love,  
My boyhood's pure delight,  
A presence felt the livelong day,  
A welcome fear at night,—

Oh let me speak to Thee, dear God !  
Of those old mercies past,  
O'er which new mercies day by day  
Such lengthening shadows cast.

They bade me call Thee Father, Lord !  
Sweet was the freedom deemed,  
And yet more like a mother's ways  
Thy quiet mercies seemed.

At school Thou wert a kindly face  
Which I could almost see ;  
But home and holyday appeared  
Somehow more full of Thee.

I could not sleep unless Thy hand  
Were underneath my head,  
That I might kiss it, if I lay  
Wakeful upon my bed.

And quite alone I never felt,—  
I knew that Thou wert near,  
A silence tingling in the room,  
A strangely pleasant fear.

And to home-Sundays long since past  
How fondly memory clings ;  
For then my mother told of Thee  
Such sweet, such wondrous things.

I know not what I thought of Thee,  
What picture I had made  
Of that eternal Majesty  
To whom my childhood prayed.

I know I used to lie awake,  
And tremble at the shape  
Of my own thoughts, yet did not wish  
Thy terrors to escape.

I had no secrets as a child,  
Yet never spoke of Thee ;  
The nights we spent together, Lord !  
Were only known to me.

I lived two lives, which seemed distinct,  
Yet which did intertwine :  
One was my mother's—it is gone—  
The other, Lord ! was Thine.

I never wandered from Thee, Lord !

But sinned before Thy face ;

Yet now, on looking back, my sins

Seem all beset with grace.

With age Thou grewest more divine,

More glorious than before ;

I feared Thee with a deeper fear,

Because I loved Thee more.

Thou broadenest out with every year,

Each breadth of life to meet :

I scarce can think Thou art the same,

Thou art so much more sweet.

Changed and not changed, Thy present charms

Thy past ones only prove ;

Oh make my heart more strong to bear

This newness of Thy love !



These novelties of love !—when will  
Thy goodness find an end ?  
Whither will Thy compassions, Lord !  
Incredibly extend ?

Father ! what hast Thou grown to now ?  
A joy all joys above,  
Something more sacred than a fear,  
More tender than a love !

With gentle swiftness lead me on,  
Dear God ! to see Thy face ;  
And meanwhile in my narrow heart  
Oh make Thyself more space !

## THE GREATNESS OF GOD.

O MAJESTY unspeakable and dread!

Wert Thou less mighty than Thou art,  
Thou wert, O Lord! too great for our belief,  
Too little for our heart.

Thy greatness would seem monstrous by the  
side

Of creatures frail and undivine;  
Yet they would have a greatness of their own  
Free and apart from Thine.

Such grandeur were but a created thing,  
A spectre, terror, and a grief,  
Out of all keeping with a world so calm,  
Oppressing our belief.

But greatness which is infinite makes room  
For all things in its lap to lie ;  
We should be crushed by a magnificence  
Short of infinity.

It would outgrow us from the face of things,  
Still prospering as we decayed,  
And, like a tyrannous rival, it would feed  
Upon the wrecks it made.

But what is infinite must be a home,  
A shelter for the meanest life,  
Where it is free to reach its greatest growth  
Far from the touch of strife.

We share in what is infinite : 'tis ours,  
For we and it alike are Thine ;  
What I enjoy, great God ! by right of Thee  
Is more than doubly mine.

Thus doth Thy hospitable greatness lie  
Outside us like a boundless sea ;  
We cannot lose ourselves where all is home,  
Nor drift away from Thee.

Out on that sea we are in harbour still,  
And scarce advert to winds and tides,  
Like ships that ride at anchor, with the waves  
Flapping against their sides.

Thus doth Thy grandeur make us grand our-  
selves ;  
'Tis goodness bids us fear ;  
Thy greatness makes us brave as children are,  
When those they love are near.

Great God ! our lowliness takes heart to play  
Beneath the shadow of Thy state ;  
The only comfort of our littleness  
Is that Thou art so great.

Then on Thy grandeur I will lay me down ;

Already life is heaven for me :

No cradled child more softly lies than I,—

Come soon, Eternity !

## LONGING FOR GOD.

HOW gently flow the silent years,  
The seasons one by one ;  
How sweet to feel, each month that goes,  
That life must soon be done !

O weary ways of earth and men !  
O self more weary still !  
How vainly do you vex the heart  
That none but God can fill !

It is not weariness of life  
That makes us wish to die ;  
But we are drawn by cords which come  
From out eternity

Eye has not seen, ear has not heard,  
No heart of man can tell,  
The store of joys God has prepared  
For those who love Him well.

Oh may those joys one day be ours,  
Upon that happy shore !  
And yet those joys are not enough—  
We crave for something more.

The world's unkindness grows with life,  
And troubles never cease ;  
'Twere lawful then to wish to die,  
Simply to be at peace.

Yes ! peace is something more than joy,  
Even the joys above ;  
For peace, of all created things,  
Is likest Him we love.

But not for joy, nor yet for peace,  
Dare we desire to die ;  
God's will on earth is always joy,  
Always tranquillity.

To die, that we might sin no more,  
Were scarce a hero's prayer ;  
And glory grows as grace matures,  
And patience loves to bear.

And yet we long and long to die,  
We covet to be free,  
Not for Thy great rewards, O God !  
Not for Thy peace—but Thee !

Ah, leave us, then, at peace, to greet  
Each waxing, waning moon,  
Whose silver light seems aye to say—  
Soon, exile spirit ! soon !



## JESUS IS GOD,

JESUS is God ! The solid earth,  
The ocean broad and bright,  
The countless stars, like golden dust,  
That strew the skies at night,  
The wheeling storm, the dreadful fire,  
The pleasant, wholesome air,  
The summer's sun, the winter's frost,  
His own creations were.

Jesus is God ! The glorious bands  
Of golden angels sing  
Songs of adoring praise to Him,  
Their Maker and their King.

He was true God in Bethlehem's crib,  
On Calvary's cross true God,  
He who in heaven eternal reigned,  
In time on earth abode.

Jesus is God ! There never was  
A time when He was not :  
Boundless, eternal, merciful,  
The Word the Sire begot !  
Backward our thoughts through ages stretch,  
Onward through endless bliss,—  
For there are two eternities,  
And both alike are His !

Jesus is God ! Alas ! they say  
On earth the numbers grow.  
Who His Divinity blaspheme  
To their unfailing woe.

And yet what is the single end  
Of this life's mortal span,  
Except to glorify the God  
Who for our sakes was man ?

Jesus is God ! Let sorrow come,  
And pain, and every ill ;  
All are worth while, for all are means  
His glory to fulfil ;  
Worth while a thousand years of life  
To speak one little word,  
If by our *Credo* we might own  
The Godhead of our Lord !

Jesus is God ! Oh could I now  
But compass land and sea,  
To teach and tell this single truth,  
How happy should I be !

Oh had I but an angel's voice  
I would proclaim so loud,—  
Jesus, the good, the beautiful,  
Is everlasting God !

Jesus is God ! If on the earth  
This blessed faith decays,  
More tender must our love become  
More plentiful our praise.  
We are not angels, but we may  
Down in earth's corners kneel,  
And multiply sweet acts of love,  
And murmur what we feel.

## THE AGONY.

O SOUL of Jesus, sick to death !

Thy blood and prayer together plead  
My sins have bowed Thee to the ground,  
As the storm bows the feeble reed.

Midnight—and still the oppressive load  
Upon Thy tortured heart doth lie ;  
Still the abhorred procession winds  
Before Thy spirit's quailing eye.

Deep waters have come in, O Lord !  
All darkly on Thy human soul ;  
And clouds of supernatural gloom  
Around Thee are allowed to roll.

The weight of the eternal wrath  
Drives over Thee with pressure dread ;  
And, forced upon the olive roots,  
In deathlike sadness droops Thy head.

Thy spirit weighs the sins of men ;  
Thy science fathoms all their guilt ;  
Thou sickenest heavily at Thy heart,  
And the pores open,—blood is spilt.

And Thou hast struggled with it, Lord !  
Even to the limit of Thy strength,  
While hours, whose minutes were as years,  
Slowly fulfilled their weary length.

And Thou hast shuddered at each act,  
And shrunk with an astonished fear,  
As if Thou couldst not bear to see  
The loathsomeness of sin so near.

Sin and the Father's anger ! they  
Have made Thy lower nature faint ;  
All save the love within Thy heart,  
Seemed for the moment to be spent.

My God ! My God ! and can it be  
That I should sin so lightly now,  
And think no more of evil thoughts,  
Than of the wind that waves the bough ?

I sin,—and heaven and earth go round.  
As if no dreadful deed were done,  
As if Christ's blood had never flowed  
To hinder sin, or to atone.

I walk the earth with lightsome step,  
Smile at the sunshine, breathe the air,  
Do my own will, nor ever heed  
Gethsemane and Thy long prayer.

Shall it be always thus, O Lord ?  
Wilt Thou not work this hour in me  
The grace Thy passion merited,  
Hatred of self and love of Thee ?

Ever when tempted, make me see,  
Beneath the olive's moon-pierced shade,  
My God, alone, outstretched, and bruised,  
And bleeding, on the earth He made.

And make me feel it was my sin,  
As though no other sins there were,  
That was to Him who bears the world  
A load that He could scarcely bear !



## THE PAIN OF LOVE.

JESUS ! why dost Thou love me so ?

What hast Thou seen in me  
To make my happiness so great,  
So dear a joy to Thee ?

Wert Thou not God, I then might think  
Thou hadst no eye to read  
The badness of that selfish heart,  
For which Thine own did bleed.

But Thou art God, and knowest all ;  
Dear Lord ! Thou knowest me ;  
And yet Thy knowledge hinders not  
Thy love's sweet liberty

Ah, how Thy grace hath wooed my soul  
With persevering wiles !  
Now give me tears to weep ; for tears  
Are deeper joy than smiles.

Each proof renewed of Thy great love  
Humbles me more and more,  
And brings to light forgotten sins,  
And lays them at my door.

The more I love Thee, Lord ! the more  
I hate my own cold heart ;  
The more Thou woundest me with love,  
The more I feel the smart.

What shall I do, then, dearest Lord !  
Say, shall I fly from Thee,  
And hide my poor unloving self  
Where Thou canst never see ?

Or shall I pray that Thy dear love

To me might not be given ?

Ah no ! love must be pain on earth,

If it be bliss in heaven.

## JESUS, MY GOD AND MY ALL

O JESUS, Jesus! dearest Lord!

Forgive me if I say

For very love Thy sacred Name

A thousand times a day.

I love Thee so, I know not how

My transports to control;

Thy love is like a burning fire

Within my very soul.

Oh wonderful! that Thou shouldst let

So vile a heart as mine

Love Thee with such a love as this,

And make so free with Thine.

The craft of this wise world of ours  
Poor wisdom seems to me ;  
Ah ! dearest Jesus ! I have grown  
Childish with love of Thee !

For Thou to me art all in all,  
My honour and my wealth,  
My heart's desire, my body's strength,  
My soul's eternal health.

Burn, burn, O Love ! within my heart,  
Burn fiercely night and day,  
Till all the dross of earthly loves  
Is burned, and burned away.

O Light in darkness, Joy in grief,  
O Heaven begun on earth !  
Jesus ! my Love ! my Treasure ! who  
Can tell what Thou art worth ?

O Jesus ! Jesus ! sweetest Lord !

What art Thou not to me ?

Each hour brings joy before unknown,

Each day new liberty !

What limit is there to thee, love ?

Thy flight where wilt thou stay ?

On ! on ! our Lord is sweeter far

To-day than yesterday.

O love of Jesus ! Blessed love !

So will it ever be ;

Time cannot hold thy wondrous growth,

No, nor eternity !

## TRUE LOVE.

THINK well how Jesus trusts Himself  
Unto our childish love,  
As though by His free ways with us  
Our earnestness to prove.

God gives Himself as Mary's babe  
To sinners' trembling arms,  
And veils His everlasting light  
In childhood's feeble charms.

His sacred Name a common word  
On earth He loves to hear :  
There is no majesty in Him  
Which love may not come near

The light of love is round His feet,  
His paths are never dim ;  
And He comes nigh to us, when we  
Dare not come nigh to Him.

Let us be simple with Him then.  
Not backward, stiff, or cold,  
As though our Bethlehem could be  
What Sinai was of old.

His love of us may teach us how  
To love Him in return ; -  
Love cannot help but grow more free  
The more its transports burn.

The solemn face, the downcast eye,  
The words constrained and cold,—  
These are the homage, poor at best,  
Of those outside the fold.



They know not how our God can play  
The Babe's, the Brother's part ;  
They dream not of the ways He has  
Of getting at the heart.

Most winningly He lowers Himself.  
Yet they dare not come near ;  
They cannot know in their blind places  
The love that casts out fear.

In lowest depths of littleness  
God sinks to gain our love ;  
They put away the sign in fear  
And our free ways reprove.

Would that they knew what Jesus is  
And what untold abyss  
Lies in love's simple forwardness  
Of more than earthly bliss !

They cannot tell how Jesus oft  
His secret thirst will slake  
On those strange freedoms, childlike hearts  
Are taught by God to take.

Poor souls ! they know not how to love ;  
They feel not Jesus near ;  
And they who know not how to love  
Still less know how to fear.

The humbling of the Incarnate Word  
They have not faith to face ;  
And how shall they who have not faith  
Attain love's better grace ?

The awe that lies too deep for words,  
Too deep for solemn looks,—  
It finds no way into the face,  
No written vent in books.

They would not speak in measured tones,  
If love had in them wrought  
Until their spirits had been hushed  
In reverential thought.

They would have smiled in harmless ways  
To ease their fevered heart,  
And learned with other simple souls  
To play love's crafty part.

They would have run away from God  
For their own vileness' sake,  
And feared lest some interior light  
From tell-tale eyes should break.

They know not how the outward smile  
The inward awe can prove ;  
They fathom not the creature's fear  
Of Uncreated Love.

The majesty of God ne'er broke  
On them like fire at night,  
Flooding their stricken souls, while they  
Lay trembling in the light.

They love not ; for they have not kissed  
The Saviour's outer hem :  
They fear not : for the Living God  
Is yet unknown to them.

VENI SANCTE SPIRITUS.

COME, Holy Spirit ! from the height  
Of heaven send down Thy blessed light !  
Come, Father of the friendless poor !  
Giver of gifts, and Light of hearts,  
Come with that unction which imparts  
Such consolations as endure.

The soul's refreshment and her guest,  
Shelter in heat, in labour Rest,  
The sweetest Solace in our woe !  
Come, blissful Light ! oh come and fill,  
In all Thy faithful, heart and will,  
And make our inward fervour glow.

Where Thou art, Lord ! there is no ill,  
For evil's self Thy light can kill :

Oh let that light upon us rise !

Lord ! heal our wounds, and cleanse our  
stains,

Fountain of grace ! and with Thy rains  
Our barren spirits fertilize.

Bend with Thy fires our stubborn will,  
And quicken what the world would chill,

And homeward call the feet that stray :

Virtue's reward, and final grace,

The eternal Vision face to face,

Spirit of Love ! for these we pray.

**Part II.**

**CHRISTIAN LIFE.**

My  
Love

Some say

And the

He made

A word

He never

And now

He placed

And now

He gave

And the



## THE GIFTS OF GOD.

**M**Y soul ! what hast thou done for God ?  
Look o'er thy misspent years and see ;  
Sum up what thou hast done for God,  
And then what God hath done for thee.

He made thee when He might have made  
A soul that would have loved Him more ;  
He rescued thee from nothingness,  
And set thee on life's happy shore.

He placed an angel at thy side,  
And strewed joys round thee on thy way ;  
He gave thee rights thou couldst not claim,  
And life, free life, before thee lay.

Had God in heaven no work to do  
But miracles of love for thee ?  
No world to rule, no joy in Self,  
And in His own infinity ?

So must it seem to our blind eyes :  
He gave His love no sabbath rest,  
Still plotting happiness for men,  
And new designs to make them blest

From out His glorious bosom came  
His only, His Eternal Son ;  
He freed the race of Satan's slaves.  
And with His blood sin's captives won.

The world rose up against His love :  
New love the vile rebellion met,  
As though God only looked at sin  
Its guilt to pardon and forget.

For His Eternal Spirit came  
To raise the thankless slaves to sons,  
And with the sevenfold gifts of love  
To crown His own elected ones.

Men spurned His grace; their lips blasphemed  
The Love who made Himself their slave;  
They grieved that blessèd Comforter,  
And turned against Him what He gave.

Yet still the sun is fair by day,  
The moon still beautiful by night;  
The world goes round, and joy with it,  
And life, free life, is men's delight.

No voice God's wondrous silence breaks,  
No hand put forth His anger tells;  
But He, the Omnipotent and Dread,  
On high in humblest patience dwells.

The Son hath come ; and maddened sin  
The world's Creator crucified ;  
The Spirit comes, and stays, while men  
His presence doubt, His gifts deride.

And now the Father keeps Himself,  
In patient and forbearing love,  
To be His creature's heritage  
In that undying life above.

Oh wonderful, oh passing thought !—  
The love that God hath had for thee,  
Spending on thee no less a sum  
Than the undivided Trinity !

What hast thou done for God, my soul ?  
Look o'er thy misspent years and see ;  
Cry from thy worse than nothingness,  
Cry for His mercy upon thee.

## THE WORK OF GRACE.

NOW the light of heaven is stealing.

Gently o'er the trembling soul ;

And the shades of bitter feeling

From the lightened spirit roll.

Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing

See how grace its way is feeling !

Fairer than the pearly morning

Comes the softly struggling ray :

Ah, it is the very dawning

That precedes eternal day.

Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,

See how grace its way is feeling.

See the tears, the blessed trouble,  
Doubts and fears, and hopes and smiles !  
How the guilt of sin seems double,  
And how plain are Satan's wiles !  
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,  
See how grace its way is feeling !

Now the light is growing brighter,  
Fear of hell and hate of sin ;  
Another flash ! the heart is lighter ;  
Love of God hath entered in.  
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,  
See how grace its way is feeling.

Now upon the favourite passion  
Falls a steady ray of grace ;  
And the lights of world and fashion  
In the new light fade apace.  
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,  
See how grace its way is feeling.

See ! more light ! the spirit tingles  
With contrition's piercing dart ;—  
More,—and love divinely mingles  
Ease and gladness with the smart.  
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,  
See how grace its way is feeling !

Free ! free ! the joyous light of heaven  
Comes with full and fair release ;—  
O God, what light ! all sin forgiven,  
Jesus, Jesus, love, and peace.  
Sweetly stealing, sweetly stealing,  
See how grace its way is feeling !

## THE END OF MAN.

I COME to Thee once more, my God!  
No longer will I roam ;

For I have sought the wide world through,  
And never found a home.

Though bright and many are the spots  
Where I have built a nest,  
Yet in the brightest still I pined  
For more abiding rest.

Riches could bring me joy and power,  
And they were fair to see ;  
Yet gold was but a sorry god  
To serve instead of Thee.



Then honour and the world's good word  
    Appeared a nobler faith ;  
Yet could I rest on bliss that hung  
    And trembled on a breath ?

The pleasure of the passing hour  
    My spirit next could while ;  
But soon, full soon my heart fell sick  
    Of pleasure's weary smile.

More selfish grown, I worshipped health  
    The flush of manhood's power ;  
But then it came and went so quick,  
    It was but for an hour.

And thus a not unkindly world  
    Hath done its best for me ;  
Yet I have found, O God ! no rest,  
    No harbour short of Thee.

For Thou hast made this wondrous soul  
All for Thyself alone ;  
Ah ! send Thy sweet transforming grace  
To make it more Thine own.

## INVITATION TO THE MISSION.

OH come to the merciful Saviour who calls  
you,

Oh come to the Lord who forgives and  
forgets ;

Though dark be the fortune on earth that  
befalls you.

There's a bright home above where the sun  
never sets.

Oh come then to Jesus, whose arms are ex-  
tended

To fold His dear children in closest em-  
brace ;

Oh come, for your exile will shortly be ended,  
And Jesus will show you His beautiful  
face.

Yes, come to the Saviour, whose mercy grows  
brighter

The longer you look at the depths of His  
love ;

And fear not ! 'tis Jesus, and life's cares grow  
lighter,

As you think of the home and the glory  
above.

Have you sinned as none else in the world  
have before you ?

Are you blacker than all other creatures in  
guilt ?

Oh fear not, and doubt not! the mother who  
bore you  
Loves you less than the Saviour whose  
blood you have spilt.

Oh come then to Jesus, and say how you love  
Him,  
And vow at His feet you will keep in His  
grace ;  
For one tear that is shed by a sinner can  
move Him,  
And your sins will drop off in His tender  
embrace.

Come, come to His feet and lay open your  
story  
Of suffering and sorrow, of guilt and of  
shame ;

For the pardon of sin is the crown of His  
glory,  
And the joy of our Lord to be true to His  
Name.

Come quickly to Jesus for graces and pardons,  
Come now, for who needs not His mercy  
and love?

Believe me, dear children, that England's fair  
gardens  
Are dull to the bright land that waits you  
above.

## COME TO JESUS.

SOULS of men ! why will ye scatter  
Like a crowd of frightened sheep ?  
Foolish hearts ! why will ye wander  
From a love so true and deep ?

Was there ever kindest shepherd  
Half so gentle, half so sweet  
As the Saviour who would have us  
Come and gather round His feet ?

It is God : His love looks mighty,  
But is mightier than it seems !  
'Tis our Father : and His fondness  
Goes far out beyond our dreams.

There's a wideness in God's mercy,  
Like the wideness of the sea :  
There's a kindness in His justice,  
Which is more than liberty.

There is no place where earth's sorrows  
Are more felt than up in heaven ;  
There is no place where earth's failings  
Have such kindly judgment given.

There is welcome for the sinner,  
And more graces for the good ;  
There is mercy with the Saviour ;  
There is healing in His blood.

There is grace enough for thousands  
Of new worlds as great as this ;  
There is room for fresh creations  
In that upper home of bliss.



For the love of God is broader  
Than the measures of man's mind ;  
And the Heart of the Eternal  
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make His love too narrow  
By false limits of our own ;  
And we magnify His strictness  
With a zeal He will not own.

There is plentiful redemption  
In the blood that has been shed ;  
There is joy for all the members  
In the sorrows of the Head.

'Tis not all we owe to Jesus ;  
It is something more than all ;  
Greater good because of evil,  
Larger mercy through the fall.

Pining souls ! come nearer Jesus,  
And, oh come, not doubting thus,  
But with faith that trusts more bravely  
His vast tenderness for us.

If our love were but more simple,  
We should take Him at His word ;  
And our lives would be all sunshine  
In the sweetness of our Lord.

## THE TRUE SHEPHERD.

I WAS wandering and weary,  
When my Saviour came unto me :  
For the ways of sin grew dreary,  
And the world had ceased to woo me :  
And I thought I heard Him say,  
As He came along His way,  
O silly souls ! come near Me ;  
My sheep should never fear Me ;  
I am the Shepherd true.

At first I would not hearken,  
And put off till the morrow ;  
But life began to darken,  
And I was sick with sorrow ;

And I thought I heard Him say,  
As He came along His way,  
O silly souls ! come near Me ;  
My sheep should never fear Me ;  
I am the Shepherd true.

At last I stopped to listen,  
His voice could not deceive me ;  
I saw His kind eyes glisten,  
So anxious to relieve me :  
And I thought I heard Him say,  
As He came along His way,  
O silly souls ! come near Me ;  
My sheep should never fear Me ;  
I am the Shepherd true.

He took me on His shoulder,  
And tenderly He kissed me ;  
He bade my love be bolder,  
And said how He had missed me ;

And I'm sure I heard Him say,  
As He went along His way,  
    O silly souls ! come near Me ;  
    My sheep should never fear Me ;  
    I am the Shepherd true.

Strange gladness seemed to move Him,  
    Whenever I did better ;  
And He coaxed me so to love Him,  
    As if He was my debtor ;  
And I always heard Him say,  
As He went along His way,  
    O silly souls ! come near Me ;  
    My sheep should never fear Me ;  
    I am the Shepherd true.

I thought His love would weaken,  
    As more and more He knew me ;  
But it burneth like a beacon,  
    And its light and heat go through me ;

And I ever hear Him say,  
As He goes along His way,  
O silly souls ! come near Me ;  
My sheep should never fear Me ;  
I am the Shepherd true.

Let us do then, dearest brothers !  
What will best and longest please us,  
Follow not the ways of others,  
But trust ourselves to Jesus ;  
We shall ever hear Him say,  
As He goes along His way,  
O silly souls ! come near Me :  
My sheep should never fear Me ;  
I am the Shepherd true.

## CONVERSION.

O Faith! thou workest miracles  
Upon the hearts of men,  
Choosing thy home in those same hearts  
We know not how nor when.

To one thy grave unearthly truths  
A heavenly vision seem;  
While to another's eye they are  
A superstitious dream.

To one the deepest doctrines look  
So naturally true,  
That when he learns the lesson first  
He hardly thinks it new.

To other hearts the selfsame truths  
No light or heat can bring ;  
They are but puzzling phrases strung  
Like beads upon a string.

O gift of gifts ! O grace of faith !  
My God ! how can it be  
That Thou, who hast discerning love,  
Shouldst give that gift to me ?

There was a place, there was a time,  
Whether by night or day,  
Thy Spirit came and left that gift,  
And went upon His way.

How many hearts Thou mightst have had  
More innocent than mine,  
How many souls more worthy far  
Of that sweet touch of Thine !



Ah grace ! into unlikeliest hearts  
It is thy boast to come,  
The glory of thy light to find  
In darkest spots a home.

How can they live, how will they die,  
How bear the cross of grief,  
Who have not got the light of faith,  
The courage of belief ?

The crowd of cares, the weightiest cross  
Seem trifles less than light ;  
Earth looks so little and so low,  
When faith shines full and bright.

O happy, happy that I am !  
If thou canst be, O Faith !  
The treasure that thou art in life,  
What wilt thou be in death ?

## PERFECTION.

OH how the thought of God attracts  
And draws the heart from earth,  
And sickens it of passing shows  
And dissipating mirth !

'Tis not enough to save our souls,  
To shun the eternal fires ;  
The thought of God will rouse the heart  
To more sublime desires.

God only is the creature's home,  
Though rough and strait the road,  
Yet nothing less can satisfy  
The love that longs for God.

Oh, utter but the Name of God  
Down in your heart of hearts,  
And see how from the world at once  
All tempting light departs.

A trusting heart, a yearning eye,  
Can win their way above ;  
If mountains can be moved by faith,  
Is there less power in love ?

How little of that road, my soul !  
How little hast thou gone !  
Take heart, and let the thought of God  
Allure thee further on.

The freedom from all wilful sin,  
The Christian's daily task,—  
Oh these are graces far below  
What longing love would ask !

Dole not thy duties out to God,

But let thy hand be free :

Look long at Jesus ; His sweet blood

How was it dealt to thee ?

The perfect way is hard to flesh ;

It is not hard to love ;

If thou wert sick for want of God,

How swiftly wouldst thou move !

Then keep thy conscience sensitive ;

No inward token miss :

And go where grace entices thee :—

Perfection lies in this.

## THE WILL OF GOD.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet Will of God !  
And all thy ways adore,  
And every day I live I seem  
To love thee more and more.

Thou wert the end, the blessed rule  
Of our Saviour's toils and tears ;  
Thou wert the passion of His heart  
Those three-and-thirty years.

And He hath breathed into my soul  
A special love of thee,  
A love to lose my will in His,  
And by that loss be free.

I love to see thee bring to nought  
The plans of wily men ;  
When simple hearts outwit the wise,  
Oh thou art loveliest then !

The headstrong world, it presses hard  
Upon the Church full oft,  
And then how easily thou turnst  
The hard ways into soft.

I love to kiss each print where thou  
Hast set thine unseen feet :  
I cannot fear thee, blessed Will !  
Thine empire is so sweet.

When obstacles and trials seem  
Like prison-walls to be,  
I do the little I can do,  
And leave the rest to thee.

I know not what it is to doubt ;  
My heart is ever gay ;  
I run no risk, for come what will  
Thou always hast thy way.

I have no cares, O blessed Will !  
For all my cares are thine ;  
I live in triumph, Lord ! for Thou  
Hast made Thy triumphs mine.

And when it seems no chance or change  
From grief can set me free,  
Hope finds its strength in helplessness,  
And gaily waits on Thee.

Man's weakness waiting upon God  
Its end can never miss,  
For men on earth no work can do  
More angel-like than this.

He always wins who sides with God,  
To him no chance is lost ;  
God's Will is sweetest to him when  
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that He blesses is our good,  
And unblest good is ill ;  
And all is right that seems most wrong,  
If it be His sweet Will !



## SELF-LOVE.

“Christ pleased not Himself.”—*Romans* xv. 3.

OH I could go through all life's troubles  
singing,

Turning earth's night to day,  
If self were not so fast around mo, clinging  
To all I do or say.

My very thoughts are selfish, always building  
Mean castles in the air ;  
I use my love of others for a gilding  
To make myself look fair.

I fancy all the world engrossed with judging  
My merit or my blame ;  
Its warmest praise seems an ungracious  
grudging  
Of praise which I might claim.

In youth or age, by city, wood, or mountain,  
    tain,

Self is forgotten never ;

Where'er we tread, it gushes like a fountain,  
And its waters flow for ever.

Alas ! no speed in life can snatch us wholly

Out of self's hateful sight ;

And it keeps step, whene'er we travel  
    slowly,

And sleeps with us at night.

No grief's sharp knife, no pain's most cruel  
    sawing

Self and the soul can sever ;

The surface, that in joy sometimes seems  
    thawing,

Soon freezes worse than ever.

Thus we are never men, self's wretched  
swathing  
Not letting virtue swell ;  
Thus is our whole life numbed, for ever  
bathing  
Within this frozen well.

O miserable omnipresence, stretching  
Over all time and space,  
How have I run from thee, yet found thee  
reaching  
The goal in every race.

. Inevitable self ! vile imitation  
Of universal light,—  
Within our hearts a dreadful usurpation  
Of God's exclusive right !

The opiate balms of grace may haply still  
thee,

Deep in my nature lying ;  
For I may hardly hope, alas ! to kill thee,  
Save by the act of dying.

O Lord ! that I could waste my life for  
others,

With no ends of my own,  
That I could pour myself into my brothers,  
And live for them alone !

Such was the life Thou livedst ; self abjur-  
ing,

Thine own pains never easing,  
Our burdens bearing, our just doom enduring,  
A life without self-pleasing !

## HARSH JUDGMENTS.

O GOD! whose thoughts are brightest  
light,

Whose love always runs clear,  
To whose kind wisdom sinning souls  
Amidst their sins are dear!

Sweeten my bitter-thoughted heart  
With charity like Thine,  
Till self shall be the only spot  
On earth which does not shine.

Hard-heartedness dwells not with souls  
Round whom Thine arms are drawn;  
And dark thoughts fade away in grace,  
Like cloud-spots in the dawn.

I often see in my own thoughts,  
When nearest Thee they lie  
That the worst men I ever knew  
Were better men than I.

And of all truths no other truth  
So true as this one seems ;  
While others' faults, that plainest were  
Grow indistinct as dreams.

All men look good except ourselves,  
All but ourselves are great ;  
The rays, that make our sins so clear,  
Their faults obliterate.

Things, that appeared undoubted sins,  
Wear little crowns of light ;  
Their dark, remaining darkness still,  
Shames and outshines our bright.

Time was, when I believed that wrong  
In others to detect,  
Was part of genius, and a gift  
To cherish, not reject.

Now better taught by Thee, O Lord !  
This truth dawns on my mind,—  
The best effect of heavenly light  
Is earth's false eyes to blind.

Thou art the Unapproached, whose height  
Enables Thee to stoop,  
Whose holiness bends undefiled  
To handle hearts that droop.

He, whom no praise can reach, is aye  
Men's least attempts approving ;  
Whom justice makes all-merciful,  
Omniscience makes all-loving.

How Thou canst think so well of us,  
Yet be the God Thou art,  
Is darkness to my intellect,  
But sunshine to my heart.

Yet habits linger in the soul ;  
More grace, O Lord ! more grace !  
More sweetness from Thy loving heart,  
More sunshine from Thy face !

When we ourselves least kindly are,  
We deem the world unkind ;  
Dark hearts, in flowers where honey lies,  
Only the poison find.

We paint from self the evil things  
We think that others are;  
While to the self-despising soul  
All things but self are fair



Yes, they have caught the way of God,  
To whom self lies displayed  
In such clear vision as to cast  
O'er others' faults a shade.

A bright horizon out at sea  
Obscures the distant ships ;  
Rough hearts look smooth and beautiful  
In charity's eclipse.

Love's changeful mood our neighbour's faults  
O'erwhelms with burning ray,  
And in excess of splendour hides  
What is not burned away.

Again, with truth like God's, it shades  
Harsh things with untrue light,  
Like moons that make a fairy-land  
Of fallow fields at night.

Then mercy, Lord ! more mercy still !

Make me all light within,

Self-hating and compassionate.

And blind to others' sin.

I need Thy mercy for my sin ;

But more than this I need,—

Thy mercy's likeness in my soul

For others' sin to bleed.

'Tis not enough to weep my sins ;

'Tis but one step to heaven :

When I am kind to others, then

I know myself forgiven.

Would that my soul might be a world

Of golden ether bright,

A heaven where other souls might float,

Like all Thy worlds, in light.

All bitterness is from ourselves,  
All sweetness is from Thee ;  
Sweet God ! for evermore be Thou  
Fountain and fire in me !

## DISTRACTIONS IN PRAYER

AH dearest Lord ! I cannot pray,  
My fancy is not free ;  
Unmannerly distractions come,  
And force my thoughts from Thee.

The world that looks so dull all day  
Glow's bright on me at prayer,  
And plans that ask no thought but then  
Wake up and meet me there.

All nature one full fountain seems  
Of dreamy sight and sound,  
Which, when I kneel, breaks up its deeps,  
And makes a deluge round.

Old voices murmur in my ear,  
New hopes start into life,  
And past and future gaily blend  
In one bewitching strife.

My very flesh has restless fits ;  
My changeful limbs conspire  
With all these phantoms of the mind  
My inner self to tire.

I cannot pray ; yet, Lord ! Thou knowst  
The pain it is to me  
To have my vainly struggling thought  
Thus torn away from Thee.

Prayer was not meant for luxury,  
Or selfish pastime sweet ;  
It is the prostrate creature's place  
At his Creator's feet.

Had I, dear Lord ! no pleasure found  
But in the thought of Thee,  
Prayer would have come unsought, and been  
A truer liberty.

Yet Thou art oft most present, Lord !  
In weak distracted prayer :  
A sinner out of heart with self  
Most often finds Thee there.

For prayer that humbles, sets the soul  
From all illusions free,  
And teaches it how utterly,  
Dear Lord ! it hangs on Thee.

My Saviour ! why should I complain,  
And why fear aught but sin ?  
Distractions are but outward things ;  
Thy peace dwells far within.

These surface-troubles come and go,  
Like rufflings of the sea ;  
The deeper depth is out of reach  
To all, my God, but Thee.

## DRYNESS IN PRAYER.

OH for the happy days gone by,  
When love ran smooth and free,  
Days when my spirit so enjoyed  
More than earth's liberty!

Oh for the times when on my heart  
Long prayer had never palled,  
Times when the ready thought of God  
Would come when it was called!

Then when I knelt to meditate,  
Sweet thoughts came o'er my soul,  
Countless and bright and beautiful,  
Beyond my own control.



What can have locked those fountains up ?

Those visions what hath stayed ?

What sudden act hath thus transformed

My sunshine into shade ?

This freezing heart, O Lord ! this will

Dry as the desert sand,

Good thoughts that will not come, bad thoughts

That come without command,—

A faith that seems not faith, a hope

That cares not for its aim,

A love that none the hotter grows

At Thy most blessed Name,—

If this dear change be Thine, O Lord !

If it be Thy sweet will,

Spare not, but to the very brim

The bitter chalice fill.

But if it hath been sin of mine,  
Then show that sin to me,  
Not to get back the sweetness lost,  
But to make peace with Thee.

One thing alone, dear Lord ! I dread ;—  
To have a secret spot  
That separates my soul from Thee,  
And yet to know it not

For when the tide of graces set  
So full upon my heart,  
I know, dear Lord ! how faithlessly  
I did my little part.

I know how well my heart hath earned  
A chastisement like this,  
In trifling many a grace away  
In self-complacent bliss

But if this weariness hath come  
     A present from on high,  
 Teach me to find the hidden wealth  
     That in its depths may lie.

So in this darkness I may learn  
     To tremble and adore,  
 To sound my own vile nothingness,  
     And thus to love Thee more,—

To love Thee, and yet not to think  
     That I can love so much,—  
 To have Thee with me, Lord ! all day,  
     Yet not to feel Thy touch.

If I have served Thee, Lord ! for hire,  
     Hire which Thy beauty showed,  
 Can I not serve Thee now for nought,  
     And only as my God ?

## SWEETNESS IN PRAYER.

WHY dost thou beat so quick, my heart ?

Why struggle in thy cage ?

What shall I do for thee, poor heart !

Thy throbbing heat to swage ?

What spell is this come over thee,

My soul ! what sweet surprise ?

And wherefore these unbidden tears

That start into mine eyes ?

How great, how good does God appear,

How dear our holy faith,

How tasteless life's best joys have grown

How I could welcome death !

Thy sweetness hath betrayed Thee, Lord !

Dear Spirit ! it is Thou ;

Deeper and deeper in my heart

I feel Thee nestling now.

Whence Thou hast come I need not ask :

But, dear and gentle Dove !

Oh wherefore hast Thou lit on one

That so repays Thy love ?

Would that Thou mightest stay with me,

Or else that I might die,

While heart and soul are still subdu'd

With Thy sweet mastery.

Thy home is with the humble, Lord !

The simple are Thy rest ;

Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;

Thou makest there Thy nest.

Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !

If Thou wilt stay with me,  
Of lowly thoughts and simple ways  
I'll build a nest for Thee.

My heart, sweet Dove ! I'll lend to Thee  
To mourn with at Thy will ;  
My tongue shall be Thy lute to try  
On sinners' souls Thy skill.

How silver-like Thy plumage is,  
Thy voice how grave, how gay !  
Ah me ! how I shall miss Thee, Lord !  
Then promise me to stay.

Who made this beating heart of mine,  
But 'Thou, my heavenly Guest ?  
Let no one have it then but Thee,  
And let it be Thy nest.

## PEEVISHNESS.

O GOD ! that I could be with thee,  
Alone by some sea-shore,  
And hear Thy soundless voice within,  
And the outward waters roar.

The cold wet wind would seem to wash  
The world from off my brow,  
And I should feel amidst the storm  
'That none were near but Thou.

Each wave that broke upon the rocks  
Would seem to break on me :  
And he who stands an outward shock  
Gains inward liberty.

Upon the wings of wild sea-birds,  
My dark thoughts would I lay,  
And let them bear them out to sea,  
In the tempest far away.

For life has grown a simple weight;  
Each effort seems a fall;  
And all things weary me on earth,  
But good things most of all.

And I am deadly sick of men,  
From shame, and not from pride;  
My love of souls, my joy in saints,  
Are blossoms that have died.

It seems as if I loathed the earth,  
And yet craved not for heaven,  
But for another nature longed.  
Not that which Thou hast given.



For goodness all ignoble seems,  
    Ungenerous and small,  
And the holy are so wearisome,  
    Their very virtues pall.

Alas ! this peevishness with good  
    Is want of love of God ;  
Unloving thoughts within distort  
    The look of things abroad.

The discord is within, which jars  
    So sadly in life's song :  
'Tis we, not they, who are in fault,  
    When others seem so wrong.

'Tis we who weigh upon ourselves ;  
    Self is the irksome weight :  
To those, who can see straight themselves  
    All things look always straight.

My God ! with what surpassing love  
Thou lovest all on earth,  
How good the least good is to Thee,  
How much each soul is worth !

I seem to think if I could spend  
One hour alone with Thee,  
My human heart would come again  
From Thy Divinity.

And yet I cannot build a cell,  
For Thee within my heart,  
And meet Thee, as Thy chosen do,  
Where Thou most truly art.

The bright examples round me seem  
My dazzled eyes to hurt ;  
Thy beauty, which they should reflect,  
They dwindle and invert.

Therefore I crave for scenes which might  
My fettered thoughts unbind,  
And where the elements might be  
Like scapegoats to my mind,

Where all things round should loudly tell,  
Storm, rocks, seabirds, and sea,  
Not of Thy worship, but much more,  
And only, Lord ! of Thee.

## LOW SPIRITS.

FEVER, and fret, and aimless stir,  
And disappointed strife,  
All chafing unsuccessful things,  
Make up the sum of life.

Love adds anxiety to toil,  
And sameness doubles cares,  
While one unbroken chain of work  
The flagging temper wears.

The light and air are dulled with smoke ;  
The streets resound with noise ;  
And the soul sinks to see its peers  
Chasing their joyless joys.

Voices are round me ; smiles are near ;

Kind welcomes to be had ;

And yet my spirit is alone,

Fretful, outworn, and sad.

A weary actor, I would fain

Be quit of my long part ;

The burden of unquiet life

Lies heavy on my heart.

Sweet thought of God ! now do thy work

As thou hast done before ;

Wake up, and tears will wake with thee.

And the dull mood be o'er.

The very thinking of the thought,

Without or praise or prayer,

Gives light to know, and life to do,

And marvellous strength to bear.

Oh there is music in that thought  
Unto a heart unstrung.  
Like sweet bells at the evening-time  
Most musically rung.

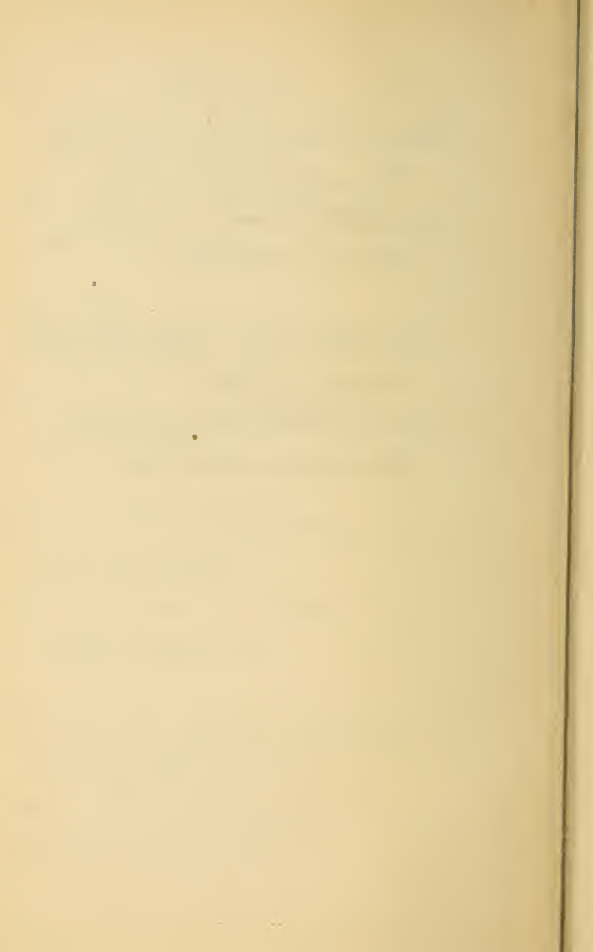
'Tis not His justice or His power,  
Beauty or blest abode,  
But the mere unexpanded thought  
Of the Eternal God.

It is not of His wondrous works,  
Nor even that He is ;  
Words fail it, but it is a thought  
Which by itself is bliss.

Sweet thought ! lie closer to my heart  
That I may feel thee near,  
As one who for his weapon feels  
In some nocturnal fear.

Mostly in hours of gloom thou com'st,  
When sadness makes us lowly,  
As though thou wert the echo sweet  
Of humble melancholy.

I bless Thee, Lord ! for this kind check  
To spirits over-free,  
And for all things that make me feel  
More helpless need of Thee.





Part III.

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE

O LOVER

How long

How long

How full

Yet how

My heart

joy

For the

gone

For in all

That have

## THE UNBELIEVING WORLD.

O LORD ! when I look o'er the wide  
spreading world,  
How lovely and yet how unhappy it seems,  
How full of realities, pure and divine,  
Yet how bent on unworshipful dreams !

My heart swells within me with thankfullest  
joy  
For the faith which to me Thou hast  
given ;  
For in all Thine amazing abundance of gifts,  
Thou hast no better gift short of heaven.

There was darkness in Egypt while Israel  
    had sun,  
And the songs in the corn fields of Goshen  
    were gay,  
And the chosen that dwelt 'mid the heathen  
    moved on,  
Each threading the gloom with his own  
    private day.

Ah! so is it now with the Church of Thy  
    choice;  
Her lands lie in light which to worldlings  
    seems dim;  
And each child of that Church, who must  
    live in dark realms,  
Has a sun o'er his head which is only for  
    him.

Yet it grieves me too, Lord ! that so many  
should wander,  
Should see nought before them but desolate  
night,  
That men should be walled in with darkness  
around them,  
When within and without there is nothing  
but light.

But still more I grieve for Thy glory, O  
Lord !  
That the world should be only an Egypt  
for Thee,  
That the bondsmen of error should boast of  
their chains,  
And scoff at the love that would fain set  
them free.

But we who have light, we must make our  
light brighter,  
And thus show our love to Thee, Lord!  
for Thy gift;  
The faith Thou hast sent us our love can  
make greater,  
And almost to sight our believing can  
lift.

Faith is sweetest of worships to Him who so  
loves  
His unbearable splendours in darkness to  
hide;  
And to trust to Thy word, dearest Lord! is  
true love,  
For those prayers are most granted which  
seem most denied.

Oh, why hast Thou made then faith's field all  
so narrow,  
Nor multiplied objects for childlike belief;  
For faith, though it is such a beautiful  
worship,  
Is but earth's span of heaven, too fleeting,  
and brief.

Thou hast dealt better measure to hope than  
to faith;  
Hope can hope for no more, since it hopes  
Lord! for Thee;  
Nought is lacking to love which has fastened  
on God;  
It is love lost in love like a drop in the  
sea.

But faith throws her arms around all Thou  
hast told her,

And, able to hold as much more, can but  
grieve;

She could hold Thy grand Self, Lord! if  
Thou wouldst reveal it,

And love makes her long to have more to  
believe.



## THE SORROWFUL WORLD.

I HEARD the wild beasts in the woods  
complain ;

Some slept, while others wakened to sustain  
Through night and day the sad monotonous  
round,

Half savage and half pitiful the sound.

The outcry rose to God through all the air,  
The worship of distress, an animal prayer,  
Loud vehement pleadings, not unlike to those  
Job uttered in his agony of woes.

The very pauses, when they came, were rife  
With sickening sounds of too successful strife,  
As, when the clash of battle dies away,  
The groans of night succeed the shrieks of day

Man's scent the untamed creatures scarce can  
bear,

As if his tainted blood defiled the air ;  
In the vast woods they fret as in a cage,  
Or fly in fear, or gnash their teeth with  
rage.

The beasts of burden linger on their way,  
Like slaves who will not speak when they  
obey ;

Their faces, when their looks to us they raise,  
With something of reproachful patience gaze.

All creatures round us seem to disapprove ,  
Their eyes discomfort us with lack of love ;  
Our very rights, with signs like these alloyed,  
Not without sad misgivings are enjoyed.

Earth seems to make a sound in places lone,  
Sleeps through the day, but wakes at night  
to moan,

Shunning our confidence, as if we were  
A guilty burden it could hardly bear.

The winds can never sing but they must wail;  
Waters lift up sad voices in the vale;  
One mountain-hollow to another calls  
With broken cries of plaining waterfalls.

Silence itself is but a heaviness,  
As if the earth were fainting in distress,  
Like one who wakes at night in panic fears,  
And nought but his own beating pulses hears.

Inanimate things can rise into despair;  
And, when the thunders bellow in the air  
Amid the mountains, earth sends forth a cry,  
Like dying monsters in their agony.

The sea, unmated creature, tired and lone,  
Makes on its desolate sands eternal moan :  
Lakes on the calmest days are ever throbbing  
Upon their pebbly shores with petulant sobbing.

O'er the white waste, cold grimly overawes  
And hushes life beneath its merciless laws ;  
Invisible heat drops down from tropic skies,  
And o'er the land, like an oppression, lies.

The clouds in heaven their placid motions  
borrow

From the funereal tread of men in sorrow ;  
Or, when they scud across the stormy day,  
Mimic the flight of hosts in disarray.

Mostly men's many-featured faces wear  
Looks of fixed gloom, or else of restless care ;  
The very babes, that in their cradles lie.  
Out of the depths of unknown troubles cry.

Labour itself is but a sorrowful song,  
The protest of the weak against the strong ;  
Over rough waters, and in obstinate fields,  
And from dank mines, the same sad sound it  
yields.

O God ! the fountain of perennial gladness !  
Thy whole creation overflows with sadness ;  
Sights, sounds, are full of sorrow and  
alarm ;  
Even sweet scents have but a pensive  
charm.

Doth earth send nothing up to Thee but  
moans ?

Father ! canst Thou find melody in groans ?  
Oh can it be, that Thou, the God of bliss,  
Canst feed Thy glory on a world like this ?

Ah me! that sin should have such chemic power  
To turn to dross the gold of nature's dower,  
And straightway, of its single self, unbind  
The eternal vision of Thy jubilant Mind!

Alas! of all this sorrow there is need;  
For us earth weeps, for us the creatures bleed:  
Thou art content, if all this woe imparts  
The sense of exile to repentant hearts.

Yes! it is well for us: from these alarms,  
Like children scared, we fly into Thine arms;  
And pressing sorrows put our pride to rout  
With a swift faith which has not time to doubt.

We cannot herd in peace with wild beasts rude  
We dare not live in nature's solitude;  
In how few eyes of men can we behold  
Enough of love to make us calm and bold?

Oh it is well for us: with angry glance  
Life glares at us, or looks at us askance:  
Seek where we will,—Father! we see it  
now, —

None love us, trust us, welcome us. but Thou!

## THE WORLD.

O JESUS! if in days gone by  
My heart hath loved the world too well,  
It needs more love for love of Thee  
To bid this cherished world farewell.

O Earth! thou art too beautiful,  
And thou, dear Home! thou art too sweet,  
The winning ways of flesh and blood  
Too smooth for sinners' pilgrim feet.

The woods and flowers, and running streams,  
The sunshine of the common skies,  
The round of household peace—what heart  
But owns the might of these dear ties?



The sweetness of known faces is  
A couch where weary souls repose ;  
Known voices are as David's harp  
Bewitching Saul's oppressive woes.

And yet, bright World ! thou art not wise ;  
Oh no ! enchantress though thou art,  
Thou art not skilful in thy way  
Of dealing with a wearied heart.

If thou hadst kept thy faith with me,  
I might have been thy servant still ;  
But slighted love and broken faith,  
Poor World ! these are beyond thy skill.

Oh bless thee, blessthee, treacherous World !  
That thou dost play so false a part,  
And drive, like sheep into the fold,  
Our loves into our Saviour's heart.

This have I leaned upon, sweet Lord !

    This world hath had Thy rightful place ;

But come, dear jealous King of love !

    Come, and begin Thy reign of grace.

## THE RIGHT MUST WIN.

OH it is hard to work for God,  
To rise and take His part  
Upon this battlefield of earth,  
And not sometimes lose heart!

He hides Himself so wondrously,  
As though there were no God ;  
He is least seen when all the powers  
Of ill are most abroad.

Or He deserts us at the hour  
The fight is all but lost ;  
And seems to leave us to ourselves  
Just when we need Him most.

Yes, there is less to try our faith,  
In our mysterious creed,  
Than in the godless look of earth,  
In these our hours of need.

Ill masters good; good seems to change  
To ill with greatest ease;  
And, worst of all, the good with good  
Is at cross purposes.

It is not so, but so it looks;  
And we lose courage then;  
And doubts will come if God hath kept  
His promises to men.

Ah! God is other than we think;  
His ways are far above,  
Far beyond reason's height, and reached  
Only by childlike love.

The look, the fashion of God's ways  
Love's lifelong study are ;  
She can be bold, and guess, and act,  
When reason would not dare.

She has a prudence of her own ;  
Her step is firm and free ;  
Yet there is cautious science too  
In her simplicity.

Workmen of God ! oh lose not heart,  
But learn what God is like ;  
And in the darkest battlefield  
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given  
The instinct that can tell  
That God is on the field when He  
Is most invisible.

Blest too is he who can divine  
Where real right doth lie,  
And dares to take the side that seems  
Wrong to man's blindfold eye.

Then learn to scorn the praise of men,  
And learn to lose with God;  
For Jesus won the world through shame,  
And beckons thee His road.

God's glory is a wondrous thing,  
Most strange in all its ways,  
And, of all things on earth, least like  
What men agree to praise.

As He can endless glory weave  
From what men reckon shame,  
In His own world He is content  
To play a losing game.

Muse on His justice, downcast soul !

Muse and take better heart ;

Back with thine angel to the field,

And bravely do thy part.

God's justice is a bed, where we

Our anxious hearts may lay,

And, weary with ourselves, may sleep

Our discontent away.

For right is right, since God is God ;

And right the day must win ;

To doubt would be disloyalty,

To falter would be sin.

## THE STARRY SKIES.

THE starry skies, they rest my soul,  
Its chains of care unbind,  
And with the dew of cooling thoughts  
Refresh my sultry mind.

And, like a bird amidst the boughs,  
I rest, and sing, and rest,  
Among those bright dissevered worlds,  
As safe as in a nest.

And oft I think the starry sprays  
Swing with me where I light,  
While brighter branches lure me o'er  
New gulfs of purple night.



Yes, something draws me upward there  
As morning draws the lark ;  
Only my spell, whate'er it is,  
Works better in the dark.

It is as if a home was there,  
To which my soul was turning,  
A home not seen, but nightly proved  
By a mysterious yearning.

It seems as if no actual space  
Could hold it in its bond ;  
Thought climbs its highest, still it is  
Always beyond, beyond.

Earth never feels like home, though fresh  
And full its tide of mirth ;  
No glorious change we can conceive  
Would make a home of earth.

But God alone can be a home ;  
And His sweet Vision lies  
Somewhere in that soft gloom concealed,  
Beyond the starry skies.

So, as if waiting for a voice,  
Nightly I gaze and sigh,  
While the stars look at me silently  
Out of their silent sky.

How have I erred ! God is my home,  
And God Himself is here ;  
Why have I looked so far for Him  
Who is nowhere but near ?

Oh not in distant starry skies,  
In vastness not abroad,  
But everywhere in His whole Self  
Abides the whole of God.

In golden presence not diffused,  
Not in vague fields of bliss,  
But whole in every present point  
The Godhead simply is.

Down in earth's duskiest vales, where'er  
My pilgrimage may be,  
Thou, Lord ! wilt be a ready home  
Always at hand for me.

I spake : but God was nowhere seen ;  
Was His love too tired to wait ?  
Ah no ! my own unsimple love  
Hath often made me late.

How often things already won  
It urges me to win,  
How often makes me look outside  
For that which is within !

Our souls go too much out of self  
Into ways dark and dim :  
'Tis rather God who seeks for us,  
Than we who seek for Him.

Yet surely through my tears I saw  
God softly drawing near ;  
How came He without sight or sound  
So soon to disappear ?

God was not gone : but He so longed  
His sweetness to impart,  
He too was seeking for a home,  
And found it in my heart.

Twice had I erred : a distant God  
Was what I could not bear ;  
Sorrows and cares were at my side ;  
I longed to have Him there.

But God is never so far off  
As even to be near ;  
He is within : our spirit is  
The home He holds most dear.

To think of Him as by our side  
Is almost as untrue,  
As to remove His throne beyond  
Those skies of starry blue.

So all the while I thought myself  
Homeless, forlorn, and weary,  
Missing my joy, I walked the earth  
Myself God's sanctuary.

## EVENING HYMN.

SWEET Saviour ! bless us ere we go ;

Thy words into our minds instill ;

And make our lukewarm hearts to glow

With lowly love and fervent will.

Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,

O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

The day is done ; its hours have run ,

And Thou hast taken count of all,

The scanty triumphs grace hath won,

The broken vow, the frequent fall.

Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,

O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

Grant us, dear Lord ! from evil ways

True absolution and release ;

And bless us more than in past days

With purity and inward peace.

Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,

O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

Do more than pardon ; give us joy,

Sweet fear and sober liberty,

And loving hearts without alloy,

That only long to be like Thee.

Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,

O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

Labour is sweet, for Thou hast toiled,

And care is light, for Thou hast cared ;

Let not our works with self be soiled,

Nor in unsimple ways ensnared.

Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,  
The sinful,—unto Thee we call ;  
Oh let Thy mercy make us glad ;  
Thou art our Jesus and our All.  
Through life's long day and death's dark  
night,  
O gentle Jesus ! be our light.



## A COTTAGER'S CHILD.

I MET a child, and kissed it; who shall  
say

I stole a joy in which I had no part?  
The happy creature from that very day

Hath felt the more his little human heart.  
Now when I pass he runs away and smiles,  
And tries to seem afraid with pretty wiles.

I am a happier and a richer man,  
Since I have sown this new joy in the  
earth:

'Tis no small thing for us to reap stray  
mirth

In every sunny wayside where we can.

It is a joy to me to be a joy,

Which may in the most lowly heart take  
root;

And it is gladness to that little boy

To look out for me at the mountain foot.

## MUSIC.

THAT music breathes all through my spirit  
As the breezes blow through a tree ;  
And my soul gives light as it quivers,  
Like moons on a tremulous sea.

New passions are wakened within me,  
New passions that have not a name ;  
Dim truths that I knew but as phantoms  
Stand up clear and bright in the flame.

And my soul is possessed with yearnings  
Which make my life broaden and swell ;  
And I hear strange things that are soundless,  
And I see the invisible.

Oh silence that clarion in mercy,—

For it carries my soul away ;

And it whirls my thoughts out beyond me,

Like the leaves on an autumn day.

O exquisite tyranny ! silence,—

My soul slips from under my hand,

And as if by instinct is fleeing

To a dread unvisited land.

Is it sound, or fragrance, or vision ?

Vocal light wavering down from above ?

Past prayer and past praise I am floating

Down the rapids of speechless love.

I strove, but the sweet sounds have con-  
quered :

Within me the Past is awake ;

The Present is grandly transfigured ;

The Future is clear as day-break.

Now Past, Present. Future have mingled

A new sort of Present to make ;

And my life is all disembodied,

Without time, without space, without  
break.

But my soul seems floating for ever

In an orb of ravishing sounds,

Through faint-falling echoes of heavens,

'Mid beautiful earths without bounds.

Now sighing, as zephyrs in summer,

The concords glide in like a stream,

With a sound that is almost a silence,

Or the soundless sounds in a dream.

Then oft, when the music is faintest,

My soul has a storm in its bowers,

Like the thunder among the mountains,

Like the wind in the abbey towers.

There are sounds, like flakes of snow falling  
In their silent and eddying rings ;  
We tremble,—they touch us so lightly,  
Like the feathers from angels' wings

There are pauses of marvellous silence,  
That are full of significant sound,  
Like music echoing music  
Under water or under ground

That clarion again ! through what valleys  
Of deep inward life did it roll,  
Ere it blew that astonishing trumpet  
Right down in the caves of my soul ?

My mind is bewildered with echoes,—  
Not all from the sweet sounds without,  
But spirits are answering spirits  
In a beautiful muffled shout.

Oh cease then, wild horns ! I am fainting ;  
If ye wail so, my heart will break ;  
Some one speaks to me in your speaking  
In a language I cannot speak.

Though the sounds ye make are all foreign,  
How native, how household they are ;  
The tones of old homes mixed with heaven,  
The dead and the angels, speak there.

Dear voices that long have been silenced,  
Come clear from their peaceable land,  
Come toned with unspeakable sweetness  
From the Presence in which they stand.

Or is music the inarticulate  
Speech of the angels on earth ?  
Or the voice of the Undiscovered  
Bringing great truths to the birth ?

O music ! thou surely art worship ;  
But thou art not like praise or prayer ;  
And words make better thanksgiving  
Than thy sweet melodies are.

There is in thee another worship,  
An outflow of something divine ;  
For the voice of adoring silence,  
If it could be a voice, were thine.

Thou art fugitive splendours made vocal,  
As they glanced from that shining sea  
Where the Vision is visible music,  
Making music of spirits who see.

Thou, Lord ! art the Father of music ;  
Sweet sounds are a whisper from Thee ;  
Thou hast made Thy creation all anthems,  
Though it singeth them silently.



But I guess by the stir of this music

What raptures in heaven can be,

Where the sound is Thy marvellous stillness,

And the music is light out of Thee.

## SUNDAY.

THERE is a Sabbath won for us.

A Sabbath stored above,  
A service of eternal calm,  
An altar-rite of love.

There is a Sabbath won for us

Where we shall ever wait  
In mute or voiceful ministries  
Upon the Immaculate.

There shall transfigured souls be filled

With Christ's eternal name,  
Dipped, like bright censers, in the sea  
Of molten glass and flame.

Yet set not in thy thoughts too far  
Our heaven and earth apart,  
Lest thou shouldst wrong the heaven begun  
Already in thy heart.

Though heaven's above and earth's below  
Yet are they but one state,  
And each the other with sweet skill  
Doth interpenetrate.

Yea, many a tie and office blest,  
In earthly lots uneven,  
Hath an immortal place to fill,  
And is the root of heaven.

And surely Sundays bright and calm,  
So calm, so bright as this,  
Are tastes imparted from above  
Of higher Sabbath bliss,

We own no gloomy ordinance,  
No weary Jewish day,  
But weekly Easters, ever bright  
With pure domestic ray ;

A feast of thought, a feast of sight  
A feast of joyous sound,  
A feast of thankful hearts, at rest,  
From labour's wheel unbound ;

A day of such homekeeping bliss  
As on the poor may wait,  
With all such lower joys as best  
Befit his human state.

He sees among the hornbeam boughs  
The little sparkling flood ;  
The mill-wheel rests, a quiet thing  
Of black and mossy wood.

He sees the fields lie in the sun,  
He hears the plovers crying ;  
The plough and harrow, both upturned,  
Are in the furrows lying.

In simple faith, he may believe  
That earth's diurnal way  
Doth, like its blessed Maker, pause  
Upon this hallowed day.

And should he ask, the happy man ?  
If heaven be aught like this ;—  
'Tis heaven within him, breeding there  
The love of quiet bliss.

Oh leave the man, my fretful friend !  
To follow nature's ways,  
Nor breathe to him that Christian feasts  
Are no true holydays.

Is earth to be as nothing here,

When we are sons of earth ?

May not the body and the heart

Share in the spirit's mirth ?

When thou hast cut each earthly hold

Whereto his soul may cling,

Will the poor creature left behind

Be more a heavenly thing ?

Heaven fades away before our eyes,

Heaven fades within our heart,

Because in thought our heaven and earth

Are cast too far apart.

## THE OLD LABOURER.

WHAT end doth he fulfil ?

He seems without a will,  
Stupid, unhelpful, helpless, age-worn man !  
He hath let the years pass ;  
He hath toiled, and heard Mass,  
Done what he could, and now does what he  
can.

And this forsooth is all !  
A plant or animal  
Hath a more positive work to do than he :  
Along his daily beat,  
Delighting in the heat,  
He crawls in sunshine which he does not see.

What doth God get from him ?  
His very mind is dim,  
Too weak to love, and too obtuse to fear.  
Is there glory in his strife ?  
Is there meaning in his life ?  
Can God hold such a thing-like person dear ?

Peace ! he is dying now ;  
No light is on his brow ;  
He makes no sign, but without sign departs.  
The poor die often so,—  
And yet they long to go,  
To take to God their over-weighted hearts.

Born only to endure,  
The patient passive poor  
Seem useful chiefly by their multitude ;  
For they are men who keep  
Their lives secret and deep ;  
Alas ! the poor are seldom understood.



This labourer that is gone  
Was childless and alone,  
And homeless as his Saviour was before  
him ;  
He told in no man's ear  
His longing, love, or fear,  
Nor what he thought of life as it passed o'er  
him.

He had so long been old,  
His heart was close and cold ;  
He had no love to take, no love to give :  
Men almost wished him dead ;  
'Twas best for him, they said ;  
'Twas such a weary sight to see him live

He walked with painful stoop  
As if life made him droop,

And care had fastened fetters round his feet ;  
He saw no bright blue sky,  
Except what met his eye  
Reflected from the rain-pools in the street.

To whom was he of good ?  
He slept and he took food,  
He used the earth and air, and kindled fire :  
He bore to take relief,  
Less as a right than grief ;—  
To what might such a soul as his aspire ?

His inexpressive eye  
Peered round him vacantly,  
As if whate'er he did he would be chidden ;  
He seemed a mere growth of earth ;  
Yet even he had mirth,  
As the great angels have, untold and hidden.

Alway his downcast eye  
Was laughing silently,  
As if he found some jubilee in thinking ;  
For his one thought was God,  
In that one thought he abode,  
For ever in that thought more deeply sinking

Thus did he live his life,  
A kind of passive strife,  
Upon the God within his heart relying ;  
Men left him all alone,  
Because he was unknown,  
But he heard the angels sing when he was  
dying.

God judges by a light  
Which baffles mortal sight,

And the useless-seeming man the crown hath  
won :

In His vast world above,

A world of broader love,

God hath some grand employment for His  
son.

Part IV

THE LAST THINGS

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## WISHES ABOUT DEATH.

I WISH to have no wishes left,  
But to leave all to Thee ;  
And yet I wish that Thou shouldst will  
Things that I wish should be.

And these two wills I feel within,  
When on my death I muse :  
But, Lord ! I have a death to die,  
And not a death to choose.

Why should I choose ? for in Thy love  
Most surely I descry  
A gentler death than I myself  
Should dare to ask to die.

But Thou wilt not disdain to hear

What those few wishes are,

Which I abandon to Thy love,

And to Thy wiser care.

All graces I would crave to have

Calmly absorbed in one,—

A perfect sorrow for my sins,

And duties left undone.

I would the light of reason. Lord !

Up to the last might shine,

That my own hands might hold my soul

Until it passed to Thine.

But when, and where, and by what pain,—

All this is one to me :

I only long for such a death

As most shall honour Thee.



Long life dismays me, by the sense  
Of my own weakness scared :  
And by Thy grace a sudden death  
Need not be unprepared.

## THE PATHS OF DEATH.

HOW pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Like the bright slanting west,  
Thou ledest down into the glow  
Where all those heaven-bound sunsets go,  
Ever from toil to rest.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Back to our own dear dead,  
Into that land which hides in tombs  
The better part of our old homes ;  
'Tis there thou mak'st our bed.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Thither where sorrows cease,  
To a new life, to an old past,  
Softly and silently we haste,  
Into a land of peace.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Thy new restores our lost ;  
There are voices of the new times  
With the ringing of the old chimes  
Blent sweetly on thy coast.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
One faint for want of breath,—  
And above thy promise thou hast given ‘  
All, we find more than all in heaven,  
O thou truth-speaking Death !

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
E'en children after play  
Lie down, without the least alarm,  
And sleep, in thy maternal arm,  
Their little life away.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
E'en grown-up men secure  
Better manhood, by a brave leap  
Through the chill mist of thy thin sleep,—  
Manhood that will endure.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
The old, the very old,  
Smile when their slumberous eye grows dim,  
Smile when they feel thee touch each limb,  
Their age was not less cold.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Ever from pain to ease ;  
Patience, that hath held on for years,  
Never unlearns her humble fears  
Of terrible disease.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
From sin to pleasing God ;  
For the pardoned in thy land are bright  
As innocence in robe of white,  
And walk on the same road.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Straight to our Father's Home ;  
All loss were gain that gained us this,  
The sight of God, that single bliss  
Of the grand world to come.

How pleasant are thy paths, O Death !  
Ever from toil to rest,—  
Where a rim of sea-like splendour runs,  
Where the days bury their golden suns,  
In the dear hopeful west !

## A CHILD'S DEATH

THOU touchest us lightly, O God! in our  
grief;

But how rough is Thy touch in our prosperous  
hours!

All was bright, but Thou camest, so dreadful  
and brief,

Like a thunderbolt falling in gardens of  
flowers.

My children! my children! they clustered all  
round me.

Like a rampart which sorrow could never  
break through;

Each change in their beautiful lives only  
bound me

In a spell of delight which no care could undo.

But the eldest ! O Father ! how glorious he  
was,

With the soul looking out through his fountain-like eyes :

Thou lovest Thy Sole-born ! And had I not  
cause

The treasure Thou gavest me, Father ! to  
prize ?

But the lily-bed lies beaten down by the rain,  
And the tallest is gone from the place where  
he grew ;

My tallest ! my fairest ! Oh let me complain ;  
For all life is unroofed, and the tempests beat  
through.



I murmur not, Father! My will is with  
Thee;

I knew at the first that my darling was  
Thine:

Hadst Thou taken him earlier, O Father!—  
but see!

Thou hadst left him so long that I dreamed he  
was mine.

Thou hast taken the fairest: he was fairest  
to me;

Thou hast taken the fairest: 'tis always Thy  
way;

Thou hast taken the dearest: was he dearest  
to Thee?

Thou art welcome, thrice welcome:—yet woe  
is the day!

Thou hast honoured my child by the speed of  
Thy choice,  
Thou hast crowned him with glory, o'er-  
whelmed him with mirth :  
He sings up in heaven with his sweet-sound-  
ing voice,  
While I, a saint's mother, am weeping on  
earth.

Yet oh for that voice, which is thrilling  
through heaven,  
One moment my ears with its music to  
slake !  
Oh no ! not for worlds would I have him re-  
given,  
Yet I long to have back what I would not  
re-take.

I grudge him, and grudge him not ! Father !

Thou knowest

The foolish confusions of innocent sorrow ;

It is thus in Thy husbandry, Saviour ! Thou

sowest

The grief of to-day for the grace of to-morrow.

Thou art blooming in heaven, my blossom,

my pride !

And thy beauty makes Jesus and angels more

glad :

Saints' mothers have sung when their eldest-

born died,

Oh why, my own saint ! is thy mother so sad ?

Go, go with thy God, with thy Saviour, my

child !

Thou art His ; I am His ; and thy sisters are

His :

But to-day thy fond mother with sorrow is  
wild,—

To think that her son is an angel in bliss !

Oh forgive me, dear Saviour ! on heaven's  
bright shore

Should I still in my child find a separate joy :  
While I lie in the light of 'Thy face evermore,  
May I think heaven brighter because of my  
boy ?

## AFTER A DEATH.

THE grief that was delayed so long

O Lord ! hath come at last :

Blest be Thy Name for present pain,

And for the weary past !

Yet, Father ! I have looked so long

Upon the coming grief,

That what should grieve my heart the most

Seems almost like relief.

Alas ! then, did I love the dead

As well as he loved me ?

Or have I sought myself alone

Rather than him, or Thee ?

To fear is harder than to weep,  
To watch than to endure ;  
The hardest of all griefs to bear  
Is a grief that is not sure.

As on a watchtower did I stand,  
Like one that looks in fear,  
And sees an overwhelming host  
O'er hill and dale draw near.

The bitterness each day brought forth  
Was more than I could bear,  
And hope's uncertainty was worse  
Than positive despair.

I grew more unprepared for grief  
Which had so long been stayed ;  
The blow seemed more impossible  
The more it was delayed.

Yes ! the most sudden of our griefs  
Are those which travel slow ;  
The longer warning that it gives,  
The deeper is the woe.

To look a sorrow in the face  
False magnitude imparts ;  
All sorrows look immensely large  
Unto our little hearts.

But to look long upon a grief,  
Which is so long in sight,  
Unmans the heart more terribly  
Than a sudden death at night.

A swift and unexpected blow,  
If hard to bear, is brief ;  
But oh ! it is less sudden far  
Than a quiet creeping grief.

Least griefs are more than we can bear,  
Each worse than those before ;  
Our own griefs always greater griefs  
Than those our fathers bore.

The griefs we have to bear alone,  
The griefs that we can share,  
Our single griefs, our crowded griefs,—  
Which are the worst to bear ?

Dear Lord ! in all our loneliest pains  
Thou hast the largest share,  
And that which is unbearable  
'Tis Thine, not ours, to bear.

How merciful Thine anger is,  
How tender it can be,  
How wonderful all sorrows are  
Which come direct from Thee !



Years fly, O Lord ! and every year  
More desolate I grow ;  
My world of friends thins round me fast,  
Love after love lies low.

There are fresh gaps around the hearth,  
Old places left unfilled,  
And young lives quenched before the old  
And the love of old hearts chilled :

Dear voices and dear faces missed,  
Sweet households overthrown,  
And what is left more sad to see  
Than the sight of what has gone.

All this is to be sanctified,  
This rupture with the past ;  
For thus we die before our deaths,  
And so die well at last.

## DEEP GRIEF.

DAYS, weeks, and months have gone, O  
Lord !

They seemed both long and brief ;  
Yet darker still the darkness grows,  
And deeper lies the grief.

They spoke of sorrow's laws and ways,  
They said what time would do ;  
Wise-sounding words ! yet have they been  
Most bitterly untrue.

O sorrow ! 'tis thy law to feed  
On what should be relief ;  
O time ! of all things surely thou  
Art cruelest to grief.

They tell me I am better now  
That tears have passed away :  
Alas ! those earlier days of tears  
Were sunshine to to-day.

The mind was less afraid of self,  
When sorrow's thoughts grew rank :  
The sights and sounds of recent grief  
Were better than this blank.

Old grief is worse than new : its pain  
Is deeper in the heart ;  
The dull, blind ache is worse to bear  
Than blow, or wound, or smart.

Deeper and deeper in my soul  
The weight of grief is stealing,  
And, strange to say, I feel it more  
When it has sunk past feeling.

O grief! when thou wert fresh and sharp,  
Part of life felt thy blow ;  
But, grown the habit of my heart,  
Thou art my whole life now.

Most sovereign when least sensible,  
Most seen when out of sight,  
Thou art the custom of the day,  
And the haunting of the night.

Oh that they would not comfort me :  
Deep grief cannot be reached ;  
Wisdom, to cure a broken heart,  
Must not be wisdom preached.

Deep grief is better let alone ;  
Voices to it are swords ;  
A silent look will soothe it more  
Than the tenderness of words.

Oh speak not ! I will do my work,  
Nay, more work than my share ;  
For to feel that it is idle grief  
Is what deep grief cannot bear.

Deep grief is not a past event,  
It is a life, a state,  
Which habit makes more terrible,  
And age more desolate.

But am I comfortless ? Oh no !  
Jesus this pathway trod ;  
And deeper in my soul than grief  
Art Thou, my dearest God !

## HEAVEN

O H what is this splendour that beams on me  
now,

This beautiful sunrise that dawns on my  
soul,

While faint and far off land and sea lie be-  
low,

And under my feet the huge golden clouds  
roll ?

To what mighty king doth this city be-  
long,

With its rich jewelled shrines, and its gar-  
dens of flowers,

With its breaths of sweet incense, its measures  
of song,  
And the light that is gilding its numberless  
towers ?

See ! forth from the gates, like a bridal  
array,  
Come the princes of heaven, how bravely  
they shine !  
'Tis to welcome the stranger, to show me the  
way,  
And to tell me that all I see round me is  
mine.

There are millions of saints, in their ranks  
and degrees,  
And each with a beauty and crown of his  
own ;

And there, far outnumbering the sands of the  
seas,

The bright rings of angels encircle the  
throne.

And oh if the exiles of earth could but win

One sight of the beauty of Jesus above,  
From that hour they would cease to be able  
to sin,

And earth would be heaven ; for heaven is  
love.

But words may not tell of the vision of  
peace,

With its worshipful seeming, its marvellous  
fires ;

Where the soul is at large, where its sorrows  
all cease,

And the gift has outbidden its boldest  
desires.



No sickness is here, no bleak bitter cold

No hunger, debt, prison, or weariful toil ;

No robbers to rifle our treasures of gold,

No rust to corrupt, and no canker to spoil.

My God ! and it was but a short hour ago

That I lay on a bed of unbearable pains ;

All was cheerless around me, all weeping and  
woe ;

Now the wailing is changed to angelical  
strains.

Because I served Thee, were life's pleasures  
all lost ?

Was it gloom, pain, or blood, that won  
heaven for me ?

Oh no ! one enjoyment alone could life boast,  
And that, dearest Lord ! was my service of  
Thee.

I had hardly to give ; 'twas enough to receive,  
Only not to impede the sweet grace from  
above ;

And,—this first hour in heaven,—I can hardly  
believe

In so great a reward for so little a love.

THE END.

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